

THE  
SIEGE of SINOPE

A  
T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

I N

COVENT-GARDEN.

---

BY MRS. BROOKE, (*Frances*)

AUTHOR OF JULIA MANDEVILLE, &c.

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ROBERT BURTON, AND  
JOHN EXSHAW.

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M,DCC,LXXXI.







## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE favourable reception this tragedy has met with from an indulgent public, at a period when the shafts of undistinguishing ridicule have been (I think, injudiciously) pointed at this noble and affecting species of the drama, calls for my warmest acknowledgements.

Nor must my acknowledgments stop here. To Mr. HARRIS my obligations are great: his good sense and taste called my attention to more than one impropriety in the conduct of the piece, when first offered; his liberal turn of mind gave it every advantage of decoration; whilst his candour and politeness removed the dragons which have been supposed to guard the avenues to the theatre, and which have too long deterred many of our greatest writers from taking this road to the temple of Fame.

A conduct like his cannot fail of having the happiest effects on the world of literature; of pluming once more the eagle wing of genius, till it soars to the great sublime which characterized the writers of ancient Greece; and, in later times, our immortal father of the drama.

To the performers in general I am obliged for their attention and propriety in their different characters.

Mr. HENDERSON, by his excellent and animated performance, places in the strongest point of light the amiable virtues, unaffected grandeur of soul, and heroic ardour, which it was my aim to picture in PHARNACES.

Mr. AICKIN fills with equal propriety and spirit the vindictive part of ATHRIDATES; and Mr. CLARK, by the justness of his action and, respectableness of his deportment, gives an authority to the character of ORONTES, which adds very greatly to its effect.

I am now to speak of Mrs. YATES. My friendship for her, a friendship founded not more on my admiration of her uncommon talents, than on the worthy qualities of her heart, with which a series of years have made me perfectly acquainted, render it as hard a task for me to speak of her as of myself. I feel a diffidence which impedes my wish to do her justice, even at the moment when I am most sensible how much my feeble attempts to touch the nobler passions of the soul owe to her astonishing exertion in the character of THAMYRIS.

But the public have spoken for me; have given just applause to that sublime sensibility, that enthusiastic fire, those exquisite graces of action, which compel even FRANCE itself, however tenacious of native merit, to rank her with a DUMESNIL, a CLAIRON.

It remains only to return my thanks to those gentlemen who favoured me with the Prologue and Epilogue: the good sense, poetic spirit, and flowing numbers, of the former, were finely expressed by Mr. HENDERSON; whilst the good-humoured and lively raillery of the latter, which so happily (and I have authority to say, without an idea of personality) catches the reigning follies of  
of

## P R E F A C E.

of the hour, gave full scope to the comic powers of Mrs. YATES.

I should here have finished this address, had not the mistake of a Critic, who has read the English opera of PHARNACES, instead of the Italian one, from whence I had the first idea of my fable, led him, though otherwise favourable in his strictures, to accuse me of an illiberality, of which I should detest myself if I was capable, that of sacrificing the other characters to my friendship for Mrs. YATES. She wants no such unworthy sacrifice; her native powers will ever support themselves: if she appears more on the scene, 'tis from the nature of the fable, which rendered it impossible to make a different arrangement.

Comparitively short as the character of PHARNACES necessarily is, I flatter myself it is not void of interest; instead of humbling him at the feet of a foreign general (for POMPEY is the real hero of the Opera) I have endeavoured to restore him to the dignity of royalty; have aimed at representing him a patriot, hero, king, the defender and father of his people; not an abject dependent on the haughty caprice, the tyrannic insolence, of the ROMANS.

As to the child, the Italian author has judged as I have done; and not hazarded introducing him as a speaker in the drama; therefore I cannot with any justice be accused of withdrawing, in compliment to my friend, a situation which never existed in the author from whom I borrowed the first idea of my subject.

What effect the contrary conduct in the English Opera might have had, it is impossible for me to judge, as I was abroad at the time when it was represented; but I own I should have trembled at hazarding, in the character of an infant, an effort of heroism, which only reflection on the relative



duties of child and parent, at a much more advanced age, could have rendered probable.

I mean not by this to condemn the author of the English Opera, but to exculpate myself. I have too good an opinion of his judgment not to suppose the circumstance might have effect; and an opera is exempt from that severity of criticism to which a tragedy must ever be subject.

It is perhaps right to observe, that some lines which were judiciously omitted in the representation are restored; but so few that I thought it unnecessary to mark them.



# PROLOGUE.

Written by the Rev. Mr. COLLIER,

And spoken by Mr. HENDERSON.

**I**N vain would satire, with misguided rage,  
Defame the manners of a polish'd age;  
As if, attach'd to dissipation's wheel,  
Our hearts had lost both power and wish to feel:  
When passion's shafts with intermingled flight,  
From pleasing pain produce severe delight;  
When sorrow weeps, with present woes oppress,  
Or joy for terrors past rears high its crest,  
Nature triumphant will uphold her sway,  
And all submissive her command obey.

Thus, on perfection's height we gaze intent,  
But who shall dare to climb the steep ascent?  
When hope so frequent mourns its own disgrace,  
And checks our ardor in th' adventurous race?

With doubting step, and agitated mien,  
Our bard advances on the stormy scene;  
Rejects the succour of pretended art,  
And builds no flattering hope, but on the heart.

Nor will I longer spread the thin disguise,  
A woman here the plaintive tale supplies;  
On virtue's base she rears the female throne,  
Calls forth your feelings, as she paints her own:  
Whate'er in wedded love the breast can warm,  
Or give to filial bonds the highest charm;

Whate'er

*Whate'er emotions through the bosom dart,  
For pangs which keenest pierce a parent's heart ;  
Here shall her feeble hand attempt to raise.  
Give us your tears, we ask no truer praise.*

*What though the gentler sex of late have shown  
At least a right to share the poets crown,  
Still has imperious man assum'd the claim  
Round merit's brow to bind the wreath of fame ;  
Assert yourselves, ye fair ! this chosen night,  
And prove your powers to judge as well as write ;  
Thus man, with pride reluctant, shall confess,  
Each Muse may justly wear a woman's dress :  
To your indulgence shall his rigour bend,  
Nor dare to censure what your tears commend.*

D R A.

## Dramatis Personæ.

PHARNACES, King of Pontus, Mr. HENDERSON.

ATHRIDATES, King of Cappadocia, } Mr. AICKIN.

EUMENES, a Child, Son to } Mast. LANGRISH.  
PHARNACES,

ORONTES, High Priest of Themis, Mr. CLARKE.

ARTABANES, General of PHARNACES, } Mr. WHITFIELD,

ARTAXIAS, General of ATHRIDATES, } Mr. DAVIES.

XIPHARES, and old Officer, attending on EUMENES, } Mr. L'ESTRANGE.

TIGRANES, an Officer of PHARNACES, } Mr. ROBSON.

ORCHANES, an Officer of ATHRIDATES, } Mr. THOMPSON.

MESSENGER, Mr. J. WILSON.

THAMYRIS, Queen of Pontus, Mrs. YATES.

SCENE. The City of SINOPE, and the Camp of  
ATHRIDATES under its Walls.







THE  
SIEGE of SINOPE.

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A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*The Outside of the Tent of Athridates; the Walls of Sinope in view on the Left; at a Distance, on the Right, the Camp, and a distant View of the Euxine Sea.*

ARTABANES and ARTAXIAS.

ARTABANES.

**B**LEST be the favouring gods! may whitest  
omens

Still mark the chosen day which saw me come  
From yon proud walls, th' ambassador of peace,  
To royal Athridates' warlike camp!

ARTAX. The hostile monarchs, wearied with  
contention,

Now sheathe the slaughtering sword. Great  
Athridates

Yields to the voice of nature, nor rejects  
A daughter's suit.

ARTAB. The royal Thamyris,  
Our beauteous queen, whose all-transcendent  
charms,

With Hymen's torch enkindled that of discord,  
(That fatal cause of enmity) becomes

The happy pledge of peace. No more the peasant

Sees the swift blaze devour the season's hope;  
 Again he breaks the soil: yon ravag'd fields,  
 Late drenched in blood, red with destructive  
 slaughter,

Again receive, well-pleas'd, the golden grain,  
 And promise future years of smiling plenty.

ARTAX. Fell discord is no more: our con-  
 quering army,  
 Which pour'd the tide of victory along,  
 And like a torrent overflowed your plains,  
 Now ebbs, retiring, at our monarch's voice,  
 Who, when his vows with those of brave Pharnaces,  
 Before the awful shrine of righteous Themis  
 Are interchanged, his martial thunder points  
 At other foes, and gives to Pontus peace.

ARTAB. For ever sheath'd be the remorseless  
 sword!

True happiness is of domestic growth,  
 It blossoms in the shade.—The meanest hind,  
 Who in the flowery lap of calm content  
 Rests from his healthful toil, and meets at eve  
 The faithful partner of his homely dwelling,  
 Is happier than the laurel'd conqueror,  
 Deaf to his people's welfare, who rejects  
 The sacred gifts of peace.

ARTAX. Those sacred gifts  
 No longer are withholden: raging Mars,  
 With cypress wreath'd, and garments dropping  
 blood,

Unwilling quits the field.

ARTAB. A subject born,  
 Respect should seal my lips; yet sure, Artaxias,  
 Too long our land has felt your monarch's rage;  
 Seven rolling years have seen unhappy Pontus  
 A prey to savage war.

ARTAX. Great was the crime  
 His fury thus pursu'd: bright Thamyris,

His

His last remaining hope, his kingdom's heir,  
 Forc'd from his palace at the midnight hour,  
 When, all-secure, beneath the olive's shade  
 His eyes were seal'd in sleep. Nor could he deem  
 His sceptred guest a lawless ravisher.

ARTAB. The crime of tenderness a parent's  
 breast,

To kind impressions apt, may surely pardon;  
 Young, loving, and belov'd, Pharnaces came,  
 A king, a blooming conqueror to your court:  
 The regal diadem adorn'd his brow,  
 Twin'd with the verdant laurel—Thamyris  
 Had long been promis'd to his ardent vows—  
 By Athridates promis'd; and her heart  
 Pleas'd with a father's sanction, own'd its lord;  
 Yet then, even at that moment, when Pharnaces,  
 His heart high-beating with a bridegroom's trans-  
 port,

Approach'd the flaming altar, Athridates,  
 Seduc'd by Rome, and dazzled by her friendship,  
 Broke the strong fetters of long-plighted faith,  
 And tore her from his wishes:—stung to madness,  
 And too regardless of a father's right,  
 Impell'd by love, he bore the princess thence,  
 And plac'd her, half-reluctant, on his throne.

ARTAX. No more, my friend; behold the  
 king approaches.

## S C E N E II.

ATHRIDATES, ARTABANES, ARTAXIAS,  
 ORCHANES, *and Guards.*

ATHR. Ambassador of Pontus, 'tis the hour  
 Prefix'd for thy return;—say to thy queen,  
 A father's love has melted into air  
 A monarch's just resentments.—I forgive,  
 And as my child will meet her. Her offences,  
 Since



4 THE SIEGE OF SINOPE.

Since now repentant, from my memory fade,  
Like the light cloud before the summer-breeze.

ARTAB. Auspicious sounds! From this distinguish'd æra

Pontus' and Cappadocia's warlike fons,  
A band of brothers, bury all distinction.

ATHR. The lassitude of age, and toils of war,  
Demand a short repose: the coming night  
I give to rest; but with the rising dawn,  
In Themis' temple, I embrace a daughter,  
Once dearer than the blood which warms my heart,  
And sign a lasting league with brave Pharnaces.

ARTAB. May Jove and righteous Themis  
bless your union!

ATHR. Thanks, generous chief; this further  
to thy queen:

The dear domestic bliss, so long suspended,  
Of mild paternal love, awhile indulg'd  
Beneath your monarch's hospitable roof,  
And Athridates leads his warriors back,  
To guard their native walls and household gods.

ARTAB. This hour, the fairest in the rolls of  
time,

Wipes from the trembling matron's eye the tear,  
And spreads unnumber'd blessings thro' the land.

ATHR. The stealing step of evening warns  
thee hence:

See to the west the radiant god of day,  
On rapid wing, drives fast his fiery coursers!  
Ere he ascend the azure vault of heaven  
Expect me in Sinope.—Thou, Orchanes,  
Safe to the eastern gate with speed conduct  
The valiant Artabanes.—Chief farewell!

SCENE



## SCENE III.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS.

ARTAX. Behold yon liquid plain!—Its smooth  
expanse

Late vex'd with blackening storms, like a clear  
mirror

Reflects the setting sun, whose quivering beams  
Play on the glassy surface! Happy emblem  
Of this propitious day!

ATHR. Calm is the sea,  
The winds are hush'd, and every wave at peace;  
'Tis in my bosom the big tempest rages.

ARTAX. My lord!—

ATHR. Artaxias to thy faithful breast  
Thy master trusts his every care—The hour  
Dear to my soul, and fondly fought, approaches.

ARTAX. To-morrow's dawn shall see your  
vows exchang'd

With Pontus' warlike monarch; shall behold  
Your blended incense rise, in curling volumes,  
A grateful offering to the powers divine.

ATHR. Bellona, guardian goddess of my realm  
In fair Comana's lofty walls ador'd,  
First claims my grateful vow. She nerv'd my arm;  
And o'er the land, by fell dismay attended,  
March'd by my side, array'd in all her terrors,  
And shook her brandish'd spear: She gave me  
conquest,

The glorious meed of heroes.

ARTAX. The fierce hour  
Of raging indignation is elaps'd,  
Is past for ever.

ATHR. Yes, 'tis past—for ever:  
The fruitful olive now o'ertops the laurel,  
Yet busy memory will not be restrain'd;

She

6 THE SIEGE OF SINOPÉ.

She will recall those times of wild contention,  
When, driv'n by Mithridates from my throne,  
With unrelenting, savage, fury driven!—  
Yon vast expanse of waves, this globe of earth,  
No longer found for thy insulted lord  
A kind asylum from the Victor's rage.—

Canst thou forget my son, in youth's first prime,  
A beauteous branch, torn from the parent stem,  
And falling, in gay vernal bloom, to earth?  
Canst thou forget the sorrows which for him  
Have harrow'd up this bosom?

ARTAX. By the chance  
Of furious war he fell, with glory fell,  
And stain'd his youthful sword with hostile blood.

ATHR. I saw him fall; still rest the traces here;  
I live,—and yet his spirit unappeas'd  
Upbreads my lingering vengeance.

ARTAX. Why pursue  
On Pontus' guiltless king a father's crimes?

ATHR. Tho' years on years have roll'd, still at  
the name

Of Mithridates, keen resentment points  
The sleeping thunder; the stern furies rise  
With ten-fold serpents crown'd.

ARTAX. Be all your wrongs,  
My royal lord, forgot!—

ATHR. Yet more, Pharnaces,  
This friend, this new ally, did he not bear,  
At dead of night, from these defenceless arms,  
My child, my Thamyris; the only hope  
Of my declining years; the only hope  
His father's sword had left me?

ARTAX. On his throne  
She more than shares his power, respected, lov'd—  
The idol of his soul!

ATHR. She was my pride,  
My joy, my age's comfort, fair as nature

Fresh

THE SIEGE OF SINOPE.

Fresh from the forming hands of mighty Jove:  
Nor was her mind less perfect, fram'd, at once,  
To give the hour of private life its grace,  
Or share the toils of empire.—But no more!—  
Let me not thus, with retrospective eye,  
Recall the fatal past.

ARTAX. O Athridates!  
Great Lord of nations, learn, at last, to vanquish  
Thy own unconquer'd heart.

ATHR. What wou'd thy zeal!—  
Have I not pledged my faith?

ARTAX. The faith of kings  
Should be irrevocable as the mandate  
From Jove's imperial throne. 'Tis not an hour  
Since to th' ambassador, in yonder tent,  
Your royal hand was given in pledge of peace.

SCENE IV.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, a MESSENGER.

MESS. Mighty king!  
A moment since, the centinels descry'd  
A warlike train, from yonder hills descending,  
Who this way bend their march;—the tow'ring  
eagles  
Declare them Roman.

ATHR. Brave Domitus comes:  
To treaties faithful, leads his dauntless warriors,  
From Tyber's banks to join my conquering arms.

ARTAX. He comes to share the bounty of the  
gods;  
Fair concord's heart-felt joys.

ATHR. He comes to share  
The joys of Athridates. Mark me well:  
When in the east the ruddy streaks of light  
First gild the gay horizon, let the troops,  
Arrang'd, in burnish'd arms, attend my will.



2 THE SIEGE OF SINOPE.

SCENE V.

ATHR. Yes, the grey dawn shall see me in Sinope;

Shall see my incense rise, but not to Themis.  
Safe, (as they deem) depending on my faith,  
Sinope's thoughtless warriors share the feast,  
Begin the choral song, the graceful dance,  
And drain the sprightly bowl. Still blind to fate,  
Let them enjoy the mirthful hour, and twine  
The festal rose round their devoted brows,  
Nor spy the adder lurking mid't the leaves.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

*An open Place in the City of Sinope before the Portico  
of the Temple of Themis.*

ARTABANES, TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

**H**AIL to my friend, by whose successful cares,  
The peace of Pontus on the firm foundation  
Of royal faith is fix'd, for ages fix'd.  
From the tall citadel's commanding summit,  
Advancing swiftly to the Eastern gate,  
I saw the Cappadocian troops approach  
In shining arms.—Their nearest files, ere this,  
By Athridates led, have gain'd the city.

ARTAB. No longer hostile, to the passing winds  
His people's father, brave Pharnaces, gives  
His past resentment, and prepares to meet  
With every public, every martial honour,

Duc



THE SIEGE OF SINOPE.

3

Due to a monarch, hero, father, friend,  
The royal Athridates.

TIGR. At the altar  
Their sacred faith exchange'd, all beauteous concord

Prepares a fairer wreath than that of conquest,  
To bind their peaceful brows.

ARTAB. Belov'd of Heav'n,  
The gentle power descends, with placid mien,  
To bless with milder joys our monarch's reign.

TIGR. With public happiness, for him the gods  
Propitious have entwin'd the heart-felt bliss  
Which waits the soft affections. From this hour  
(No longer by conflicting duties torn)  
The queen to heaven prefers her ardent vows;  
Vows which a husband and a father share.

ARTAB. Even at this moment, when the imperfect dawn  
Just tinges with a faint and trembling lustre  
The gilded turrets of yon holy fane,  
She seeks the righteous power. The names belov'd  
Of Athridates and Pharnaces rise  
In rapturous gratulations, at the shrine  
Of tutelary Themis. As she pass'd,  
I mark'd the triumph which with heighten'd grace  
Adorn'd her lovely form: she seem'd to scorn  
The earth she trod on, and entranc'd with joy  
To press with lighter step the balmy air.

TIGR. Her mind, unruffled with the threatening storm,  
Which hung so late o'er these devoted walls,  
Resumes its wonted greatness.

ARTAB. All the strength  
Of manly wisdom, mix'd with woman's sweetness,  
In her fair soul a bright assemblage meet;  
Soft as the doves in Cytherea's car,  
Yet lofty as th' imperial eagle's flight.

But

But 'tis the hour, when by the king's command,  
I join th' approaching train. Meanwhile 'tis thine  
Around these lofty walls with care to range  
Thy chosen files, and guard the sacred portal.

## SCENE II.

*TIGRANES speaks as the Scene changes.*

The temple gates unfold, and, see! the queen,  
Bright as Aurora, rising in the east!  
What mingled graces! Thus the Cyprian goddess,  
Dress'd by the smiling loves, and festive hours,  
On blue Olympus' starry height appears.

*Scene draws to solemn music, and discovers the Inside of the Temple—the Pillars adorned with festoons of flowers—an Altar burning, crowned with Wreathes of Olive—Orontes, Priests, and Virgins in white, ranged on each side—Thamyris standing by the Altar.*

THAM. All righteous Themis! to thy name we  
pour

The song of gratitude! By thee sweet peace  
Spreads her soft wings around us; fast beside  
Thy sacred altar the fair wanderer rests:  
Yet not her choicest gifts, not Pontus sav'd,  
Would fill my vows, if, by the goddess led,  
Great Athridates came not. Once again  
My filial arms shall press a much lov'd father;  
Again his child; his Thamyris, shall see  
The smile paternal on his aged cheek,  
And hear his voice in blessings. Ye, my virgins,  
Bring the fresh flow'rets of the lovely spring,  
To strew his honour'd path.

ORON. The monarchs come:  
Ere this they have embrac'd, and bend their steps

To

To this propitious shrine.—Ye holy train,  
 Prepare the rites, prepare the sacred cup,  
 A pure libation to the attesting gods,  
 The pledge of future concord. Raise the strain  
 To awful Themis, arbitress of kings.

[*As Orontes approaches the altar, and the orchestra begin the accompaniment, loud thunder is heard on the left—the temple shakes—the flames on the altar are suddenly extinguished, and the whole scene darkened.*]

Avert these omens, heaven!

THAM. Immortal powers!  
 If with pure heart, and will to heaven resign'd,  
 I sought this holy fane, protect and pardon  
 Your trembling votary. Speak your awful purpose.

### SCENE III.

THAMYRIS, ARTABANES, ORONTES,  
*Priests and Virgins.*

ARTAB. Break off, break off, your inauspicious  
 rites!

With heav'n the impious Athridates wars:  
 The Romans, foes profest of human kind,  
 Abet his perfidy. The king a while  
 Retards his progress, but I fear in vain:  
 Sinope streams with blood. With festive songs,  
 Unarm'd and crown'd with wreaths of peaceful  
 olive,

Our unsuspecting warriors met his steps,  
 And rush'd on death: nor helpless infancy,  
 Nor trembling age escapes: on to the palace,  
 The murderer hews his way.

THAM. Ha! to the palace!

Is



Is my child safe! quick, answer—spare, oh spare  
A parents anguish.

ARTAB. By the king's command,  
The valiant Gordias, with a chosen band,  
Protects his innocence.

ORON. Illustrious mourner!  
Leave to the gods thy righteous cause; their power  
Can strike the falchion from th' uplifted arm,  
And wither every nerve.

THAM. O! didst thou know  
A mother's fears—her agonizing terrors,  
E'en when no danger threatens! Alarm'd she hears  
The rushing whirlwind in the zephyr's breath,  
If absent from her offspring; let me fly  
And clasp him to my bosom; there alone  
My fears will think him safe.

## SCENE IV.

ORONTES, TIGRANES, *and Priests.*

TIGR. Rever'd Orontes,  
I fought the queen; from yonder scene of horror  
I flew to guard her steps.

ORON. Brave Artabanes  
Conducts her to the palace.—But our monarch!  
Pharnaces! Does he live?

TIGR. With matchless valor  
He stems the tide of battle; but too soon  
Th' unequal conflict ends! Surpriz'd, betray'd,  
A prey to basest perfidy, he falls;  
And Rome and Athridates rule in Pontus.  
Farewel: this sword may yet assist my prince.

ORON. Say to the king, the gods are friends to  
truth:

Let him remember, keen Adversity  
Is Virtue's healthful school: to-morrow's dawn

May

May see this tyrant, whose perfidious bosom,  
 With impious daring, mocks the sacred vow,  
 Prostrate on earth, confess the gods are just.  
 Retire, whilst here the ministers of heaven,  
 Submissive, deprecate the wrath divine.

[Scene closes.]

## SCENE V.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

PHARNACES, THAMYRIS, *meeting.*

THAM. My lord ! my life ! do I again behold  
 thee ?

At sight of thee, my terrors all are vanish'd,  
 Like darkness at the morning's orient beam.

PHAR. Clear rose that orient beam, to set in  
 blood !

And is it thus we meet ? O Thamyris !  
 Thy impious father ! But I would not grieve thee.

THAM. Canst thou forgive me !—Cruel Athri-  
 dates !

Why art thou leagued with Rome, whose fell am-  
 bition

Spurns Nature's laws, and points the father's sword  
 E'en at his children's bosoms ?

PHAR. Though defeated,  
 I am not conquer'd ; still the mighty spirit  
 Of Mithridates animates this bosom.  
 One hope remains : beneath Sinope's walls,  
 My choicest troops, encamp'd, expect with ardour  
 Their monarch's presence, as the happy signal  
 Of conquest and revenge. The gods may give me  
 To tear the laurel from the faithless brows  
 Of Rome and Cappadocia, and to strike  
 The vengeful faulchion to the tyrant's heart.

THAM.

THAM. For me what hope remains? a husband,  
 father,  
 Arm'd to destroy each other. \* My lov'd lord!  
 By the fond passion which unites our souls,  
 Let me adjure thee, by the rolling years  
 Of faith unspotted, go not to the field.

PHAR. Soul of my life, forbear! the present  
 moment  
 Is all the fates allow; I must not hear thee.  
 Is this a time for softness, when Revenge  
 Presents her flaming sword, with blood distain'd,  
 And summons me away! the minutes call:  
 E'en while I speak, my guiltless people perish:  
 Terror and death round Athridates stalk;  
 If soften'd by thy tears my purpose slackens,  
 'Tis past, and Pontus falls.

THAM. Inhuman, go;  
 Haste to the warring camp, and leave me here,  
 The savage conqueror's prey; leave thy Eumenes,  
 Thy helpless son, with me to drag a chain,  
 To grace the victor's car, and soothe the pride  
 Of impious Rome.

PHAR. Thy words have rous'd a serpent.  
 But heaven inspires! Yes! I will save you both.

THAM. Then thou wilt stay, and guard with  
 pious care  
 The palace of thy fathers—guard thy son!  
 Thy wife! thy people! who with ardent eyes  
 Look up to thee for safety.

PHAR. On this sword,  
 Stain'd with the blood of perfidy and fraud—

THAM. Why dost thou tremble! say what dread-  
 ful purpose.

PHAR. My queen! my best lov'd—to awful  
 Themis,  
 Protectress of the injur'd, on this sword

Swear



Swear to obey whate'er commands the gods  
By me impose.

THAM. I swear, by awful Themis,  
Protectress of the injur'd!

PHAR. Heaven may give me  
To conquer in a cause which every god  
Must sure approve : but if the haughty eagles  
Here bend their fatal flight : if heaven decrees  
The subject-world must weep in chains, to glut  
Rome's merciless ambition : if Pharnaces  
From yonder field, where hope expands her wing,  
Returns a breathless corse ; or, vanquish'd, leaves  
thee

A helpless captive in the victor's power——  
How shall I speak the rest ? See'st thou this dagger ?  
A husband's last, best gift.

THAM. Thou hast divin'd  
My soul's unshaken purpose. Thamyris  
Will die a queen, and free.

PHAR. Yet there is more.  
Now steel thy soul, for I shall wound it deep !  
Eumenes !

THAM. My child ?——Thou canst not mean——

PHAR. Shall he, the royal heir of mighty kings——  
A line of heroes—at the conqueror's wheels  
Drag a vile chain, a spectacle of scorn  
Through Rome's insulting streets ? Could'st thou,  
expiring,

Leave him in Roman bonds ?

THAM. The dreadful image  
Chills every source of life.

PHAR. If Rome prevails,  
Deep in his infant bosom plunge that steel,  
And save him from dishonour ! [*Thamyris faints.*  
Ha ! she dies !

The blood forsakes her cheek ! What have I done ?  
Too far I urged her heart.

B

THAM.

THAM. [*Recovering.*] Where is Eumenes!  
I thought—but 'twas a dream! Ah! no—that  
dagger—

The dire remembrance flashes on my soul;  
Pharnaces, could thy hand?—Alas he knows not  
A mother's tenderness.

PHAR. Like thee a parent,  
I love my child, e'en with a mother's fondness;  
Yet to preserve him from ignoble bonds—  
But I will trust thy virtue: to thy care  
I leave my all, my son my kingdom's hope.  
If heaven directs the battle, we shall meet,  
Victorious meet; if not, that mind august  
Will speak the rest; 'tis thine to set him free.

THAM. And canst thou leave me thus, perhaps  
for ever!

O! I have much to say—these starting tears—

PHAR. My soul's best treasure! see'st thou not  
the pangs  
Which rend my tortur'd heart? the mighty voice  
Of public duty calls me. Does the storm  
On us alone descend? At this dread moment  
How many weeping matrons mourn their lords!  
How many agonizing mothers curse,  
In bitterness of soul, thy father's sword!  
Wilt thou conspire against me! Pitying gods!  
O save me from her sorrows! I must leave thee;  
Leave thee midst foes; but 'tis to save from bondage  
This bleeding land.

THAM. Where has my spirit slept?  
Where is that spark of heaven-descended virtue  
Which gives the diadem its brightest lustre,  
And fires the monarch's bosom? Go, Pharnaces,  
Thy duty calls; I yield thee to thy people:  
Forgive me; go, thy country's best defender;  
And may the gods protect thee!

PHAR.

PHAR. To my child  
 Bear this embrace, and say—but whilst I linger,  
 The work of fate goes on. Thou wilt remember—  
 The faithless Romans come—that steel!—Eume-  
 nes!—

The last of Mithridates' conquering race—  
 The blood of heroes fills his infant veins—  
 If he is doom'd a slave——

THAM. No more, no more :  
 Tho' horror shakes my frame, yet go secure !—  
 Trust to my faith ;—ne'er shall the conquering race  
 Of Mithridates blush in chains.

PHAR. Farewell !

## SCENE VI.

THAM. What has my rashness sworn ! all-right-  
 teous Themis !

O spare a mother's crime !—Let my lov'd lord  
 Return with conquest crown'd !—Preserve the hero,  
 Who combats for his country !—In the field  
 Be present with him ;—nerve his patriot arm !  
 Give the lov'd monarch to his people's wishes,  
 And show mankind the great reward of virtue.



ACT III.

SCENE I.

*The Street.*

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS.

ATHRIDATES.

**R**EVENGE at length is mine: on yonder  
towers  
The Cappadocian banners proudly wave  
And wanton in the gale. The fierce Pharnaces,  
A lion in the toils, within his palace  
Hides his dishonour'd head.

ARTAX. Ill-fated prince !

ATHR. Dost thou lament him ? By th' unburied  
dead

Sent by my conquering sword this day to seek  
The gloomy borders of stern pluto's reign,  
Another word like that, and to the shades  
Thy trembling ghost shall follow.

ARTAX. When I view

The dreadful carnage of this day of blood ;  
See this fair city, which the dawn beheld  
The pride of Asia, humbled in the dust ;  
Her slaughter'd citizens ; her blazing domes ;  
Her infants, clinging round their dying mothers ;  
Forgive me, sir ; if, loyal as as I am,  
I drop the tear humane.

ATHR.

ATHR. Reserve thy tears ;  
If for my foes they fall, those tears are treason.

ARTAX. My sword, my arm, my life, O king!  
are yours ;  
The feelings of my heart, the sacred drops  
Of generous pity, heaven alone controuls.

ATHR. Keep them for heaven, nor damp thy  
master's triumph  
With inauspicious sorrows.

ARTAX. Spare at least  
A child in Thamyris.

ATHR. Thou plead'st in vain :  
No, heaven be witness, I will ne'er withdraw  
The fiends of carnage, 'till the fierce Pharnaces,  
His queen (no more my daughter), and their son,  
The bond of their detested union, glut  
The ravening vulture's hunger. Let her perish :—  
She dies,—this sword—or rather let her live ;  
Live to drink up the bitter cup of shame ;  
To swell the triumph of victorious Rome ;  
In chains to follow the proud car of Cæsar,  
And learn to scorn a father.

ARTAX. Can your heart,  
To pity dead, forget her infant charms,  
Her springing dawn of beauty ?

ATHR. Speak not of her :  
Speak of revenge : of slaughter, horrors,—death ;  
Here disobedience draws the righteous sword,  
And I am but the delegate of heaven,  
To strike the destin'd blow.

## SCENE II.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIÁS, ORCHANES.

ORCH. From brave Domitius—

ATHR. Has he too conquer'd? my impatient  
spirit

Prevents the step of time.

ORCH. Great Athridates,  
Be all thy days like this! Thy foes give way  
On every side: Domitius has attack'd  
Yon hostile camp; unequal to the conflict,  
Their vanquish'd files retire.

ATHR. For this shall bleed  
The snowy herd on dread Bellona's altar,  
In grateful sacrifice.

ORCH. The rest, my voice  
Unwillingly relates—

ATHR. Ha! say'st thou—speak!—

ORCH. This moment, from the ramparts, I  
beheld  
Pharnaces pass the gate, which, near his palace,  
Leads to the royal tent.

ATHR. Escap'd!—confusion!—

ORCH. He but escap'd to make his fall more  
fatal,  
More glorious your revenge. Domitius' troops,  
With closing ranks, almost surround his camp,  
Nor can his presence save his faithful bands  
From Rome's all-conquering legions.

ATHR. Yet one way  
My power can reach his heart,—his queen,—his  
son—  
Haste, force the palace gates; secure them both;  
My eager fury will not brook delay.

### SCENE III.

*The Palace.*

THAMYRIS, XIPHARES.

THAM. By sorrow led, unknowing where I  
wander,

Through



Through each apartment of this once-lov'd palace

I trace my chearless way. Pale fear and terror,  
The sad attendants on a state like mine,

Have from this heart, oppress'd with keenest anguish,

Chac'd every lucid ray of expectation.

XIPH. Great God of battles!

If dearer far to heaven than hecatombs

A monarch's virtues, justice, mercy, truth,

Firm faith unspotted, valor still chafis'd

By mild compassion, grace Pharnaces' reign,

Auspicious hear! and aid the prince who draws

Constrain'd th' unwilling sword! the prince who  
wars

Not to destroy, but save!

#### SCENE IV.

THAMYRIS, ARTABANES, XIPHARES.

ARTAB. My gracious queen!

With hasty step, advancing to the palace,

This way the Cappadocian troops advance,

Led by their haughty lord: a glittering grove

Of hostile spears play in the quivering sun-beams,

And emulate the day. This regal dome

Affords a poor precarious hour of safety.

THAM. Xiphares, haste: do thou conduct my child.

If he is safe, my soul unmov'd can meet

The wildest rage of fate—away—away,

Thou know'st the winding path,—the dark abode,

Where sleep th' illustrious heroes of his race.

Even Athridates, cruel as he is,

Will

Will fear to violate the awful tomb.

*[Clashing of Swords.]*

This instant fly, the murderous band approach.

## SCENE V.

THAMYRIS, ARTABANES.

THAM. Throw wide the gates; resistance now  
is vain:

The raging storm in thunder breaks above us,—  
But I will meet it.—

## SCENE VI.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTABANES.

THAM. Ha! my father here!  
My trembling heart recoils.—

ATHR. Imperious woman!  
Hast thou forgot me?

THAM. Wou'd I could forget  
This day of matchless horrors!

ATHR. Her stern eyes  
Disdainful fix'd on earth, she meets with scorn  
The father she abandon'd. Say, obdurate,  
Ere on thy head the vengeful steel descends,  
Where hast thou hid my victim? the remains  
Of Mithridates' race? the impious pledge  
Of thy unhallow'd nuptials?

THAM. 'Midst yon heaps,  
Yon slaughter'd heaps, where age and infancy  
Promiscuous swell the dreadful carnage, seek  
His unprotected innocence. But where,

Inhuman

Inhuman? tell me,—where is my Pharnaces?  
Where are my murder'd people!—kingdom!—  
throne!

All, all, my unsuspecting, woman's, heart,  
Betray'd to Athridates.—My fond wish  
To hail once more the tender name of father,  
To kiss that hand rever'd, and sue for pardon;  
My weak, mistaken, filial piety,  
Have pierc'd with tenfold wounds this bleeding  
land,  
And wing'd the arrow to my husband's heart.

ATHR. 'Tis well, this arrogance becomes a  
daughter.

THAM. Becomes a queen: thy cruelty has  
raz'd

Each tender name from nature's beauteous volume,  
And clos'd the fond account. No more a daughter  
Implores a father's smile; but majesty,  
Offended, wounded, injur'd, majesty,  
Meets its oppressor. Powerful as thou art,  
Lord of my fate, I rise superior to thee  
For thou hast broke thy faith.

ATHR. Why waste I words?  
The king, the conqueror, demands his captive:  
Produce thy son, or instant death, embitter'd  
By keenest tortures, waits thee.

THAM. Vain these threats;  
A mother's bosom, trembling for her child,  
One fear alone can know.

ATHR. Thou fear'st for him!—  
He lives then!—but 'tis well—be still that fear  
Thy curse, 'till vengeance comes! Thou canst  
not long  
Conceal him from my search:—A father's jus-  
tice  
Shall reach that heart relentless, and inflict  
Pangs I could almost pity.—In that hour,



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That trying hour, to meet with heart unmov'd  
The sword of Rome, and brave a father's ven-  
geance,

What god omnipotent shall give thee courage?

THAM. The god within the soul,—despair,—  
myself.

ATHR. Soon shalt thou meet the trial: sum-  
mon all

Thy boasted fortitude.—The hour approaches.

S C E N E VII.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTABANES,  
ARTAXIAS, ORCHANES,

ORCH. Great Athridates! o'er the lonely pa-  
lace,

In vain, at thy command we fought the prince:  
In some unknown retreat, from every eye  
The queen conceals her son.

THAM. Beyond thy power  
He lives, protected by th' immortal gods.  
Yes, thy allies, from Tyber's faithless banks,  
Shall want the noblest trophy of the war;  
My child shall mock their fury.

S C E N E VIII.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, ORONTES,

ATHR. Woman's rage,  
Though fierce, is harmless as the missive dart  
From childhood's feeble arm. Do thou, Orch-  
anes,

At distance wait the queen; observe her steps,  
But leave them free.

S C E N E

## SCENE IX.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS,

ATHR. Sincere and undisguis'd  
 As fond, believing, smiling infancy,  
 Suspicion dwells not with her; yet her spirit  
 To fear superior rises. Fraudful guile,  
 Not force, must gain my purpose. To the snare  
 Maternal love will guide her. Led by terror,  
 And anxious to elude my threaten'd vengeance,  
 When unrestrain'd, her busy thought will weave  
 Th' insidious web, in which herself, intangled,  
 Will meet more sure destruction.

ARTAX. Gracious king!  
 See me implore you for a once-lov'd daughter,  
 Now fall'n from power, the captive of your arms,  
 Whose weakness pleads for mercy.

ATHR. Power of vengeance!  
 To thee my vows are paid! The great resolve,  
 The hardy deed are thine! Let my brave troops  
 [To Artaxias.

Find from their arduous toils a short repose:  
 That done, again they draw the glittering steel,  
 And join yon camp. The word be *Victory*.

## SCENE X.

*The Garden of the Palace; the Scene terminated by a dark  
 Grove, leading to the Tomb of Mithridates, a Part of  
 which appears at a Distance through the Trees.*

ARTABANES, TIGRANES.

ARTAB. A dreadful interval of solemn silence  
 Succeeds the tumult of the raging battle,

And

And through Sinope reigns. O'er all the city  
No sound is heard, except a falling murmur,  
Which, less and less, expires upon the ear,  
Like the soft trembling of the settled deep,  
After the storm subsides.

TIGR. A calm like this  
Precedes the baleful tempest. Still in arms  
The troops of Athridates silent wait  
Their cruel master's will.

ARTAB. The moments teem  
Eventful, and the coming hour decides  
Whether the trembling sons of Pontus bow  
beneath the yoke of foreign tyranny,  
Or, crown'd with conquest, on their native lord  
Delighted gaze, and raise the song to heaven.

TIGR. If yet Pharnaces lives, ye gods protect  
him!  
Protect this gracious image of yourselves,  
Who, midst the horrors of relentless war,  
Has made a nation blest.

ARTAB. When fierce invasion  
Roll'd like a torrent o'er th' affrighted land,  
Have we not seen him, terrible in fight,  
As Mars resistless, point the glittering spear,  
As war were his delight? yet to his people  
Gentle as Maia's son, as Themis just,  
Benignant as the god who strikes the lyre,  
And leads, serene, the radiant pomp of day.

TIGR. Behold the queen! Along the verdant  
grove,  
Which from the noontide fervor shades the pa-  
lace,

And, winding, leads to Mithridates' tomb,  
Her footsteps haste: with wild enquiring glance  
Her piercing eye pervades th' umbrageous gloom:  
She stops, she listens, like the trembling hind,  
Which from the hunters rage conceals her young,  
And



And pants, alarm'd, whene'er the rustling leaf  
By Zephyr's breath is fann'd.

ARTAB.           The gates unfold :  
Xiphares meets her step. Respect her sorrows ;  
At distance let us wait, to guard her back  
With duteous care in safety to the palace.

## S C E N E   X I.

*The Place of Sepulchre of the Kings of Pontus ; several  
magnificent Tombs ; in the Middle of the Stage that of  
Mithridates.*

*(A faint Light just makes the Tombs visible.)*

THAMYRIS, *leading* EUMENES,

XIPHARES *attending.*

THAM. 'Tis past ! I heard distinct the fatal  
knell ;  
The conquering shout from Rome's embattled  
legions.

Pharnaces falls !—the husband, father, king ;  
The idol of his people, the last hope  
Of wretched Pontus.—O, too greatly daring !  
In vain I wept, I kneel'd. Thou dearest object  
Of a fond mother's love, her fears, her sorrows !  
The fatal hour is come, and we must die.  
Thy father's spirit calls. Immortal Powers !  
Who pour'd into my bosom woman's softness,  
If you decree this trembling hand must shed  
The blood of innocence, O steel my soul,  
And mould my heart to all my father's fierceness.

XIPH. O shade rever'd of mighty Mithri-  
dates !

Ye

Ye sacred manes of a line of heroes!

Protect your royal offspring!

THAM. Ever faithful

To Mithridates' house, to thee I trust  
My soul's last hope; perhaps thy infant king.  
Within this awful mansion of the dead  
Awhile conceal his helpless innocence.

Sole hope of my sad heart, why bend on me

Those tender beams, which harrow up my soul!

Why dost thou tremble? Why retire thy steps?

The good Xiphæres will attend thee still.

XIPH. Whate'er your purpose, royal Thamyris,

Each moment now is precious.

THAM. My lov'd!

Yield to thy fate: receive this kiss, and live;

For me, this awful pile, the sad asylum

Of all my soul holds dear, shall soon receive  
me.

If death alone can save me from the Romans,

My unembod'ed spirit still shall hover

Where'er the gods conduct thee. Go, my  
child!

I cannot say, farewell!

*[Xiphæres leads Eumenes to the Tomb; they enter, and the Doors close. Thamyris looks after them.]*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS,  
ORCHANES.

ATHRIDATES.

[To Artax.] Urge me no more. See, from a  
father's mercy

She flies to this vile tomb, where rests the ashes  
Of him my soul detested ! What dire purpose  
Could from thy palace lead thy erring steps  
To this abhorr'd abode ? Whom seek'st thou  
here ?

THAM. The king of terrors—Death—

ATHR. Soon shalt thou find him.

He comes with rapid pace. Approach, my war-  
riors.

SCENE XIII.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTAXI-  
ORCHANES.

*Soldiers, with Torches and Axes.*

ATHR. This haughty mausoleum of a race  
To Athridates fatal, shall no longer  
Insult yon azure sky. My swift revenge  
Shall level these proud walls, and to the winds  
Disperse the ashes of a hostile line.

THAM. Thou wilt not sure, with war's im-  
purpled horrors,  
Prophane this peaceful tomb of Pontus' kings !  
From the cold grave what can a conqueror fear ?  
O spare this hallow'd dust !

ATHR.



ATHR. And can the queen  
Of great Pharnaces weep? that haughty spirit  
Descend to melt in tears?

THAM. True, these fond tears,  
These unavailing drops, disgrace the daughter,  
The wife, of mighty kings: relentless fury  
Would best become my wrongs. Yet hear me,  
fire!

Revere the gods, and spare th' illustrious dead.

ATHR. Advance, and from its deep founda-  
tion raze  
This tomb, which mocks my vengeance.

*[The Soldiers advance. Thamyris snatches a Sword,  
and stands before the Tomb.]*

THAM. Hence, ye slaves!  
He dies who dares approach. The timid dove  
Will brave the vulture, to defend her young.

ATHR. Instant obey me, or your lives shall  
answer.

*[The Soldiers force open the Tomb, and Eumenes  
appears, Xiphares (his sword drawn) holding  
him by the hand. Military Trophies. A Lamp  
burning within the Tomb.]*

Propitious powers! at length I hold my victim.

*[Thamyris drops the Sword, and falls at the feet of  
Athridates.]*

THAM. King! father! Athridates! by the  
blood  
From thee deriv'd, which fills these circling veins,  
With pity hear me! from thy threaten'd venge-  
ance,  
From death, dishonor, and the chains of Rome,  
Within

Within this horrid tomb's relentless walls  
A mother's love conceal'd him.

ATHR. Rise, fond woman.

THAM. Thou wilt not shed his blood?

ATHR. Hence—Trust a father,  
In whom a latent spark of struggling nature  
Yet pleads for him, for thee.

[Thamyris rises, goes to the Tomb, and leads Eumenes to Athridates.

THAM I will believe thee.  
Come from this dark abode thou wretched heir  
Of an unhappy mother! See, O, king!  
This terror of the Romans! the remains  
Of an unhappy race by thee pursued.  
What canst thou fear from him? Go, my Eumenes;  
Embrace those knees; and print obsequious  
kisses  
On that respected hand. My soul's soft darling!  
Why dost thou gaze upon me? 'tis not base;  
A mother's terrors, and remorseless fate,  
Command thy prompt obedience. Kneel, my  
child.

ATHR. Orchanes to the palace wait the  
queen:  
Her son remains with me.

THAM. Thou wilt not part us?  
Give, give, one moment to my breaking heart.  
Come to my bosom, child of many sorrows!  
They shall not tear thee from me.

ATHR. Ha! take heed,  
Nor let thy fond impatience launch the bolt  
Which stops, suspended o'er him.

THAM. From my hand  
Receive him, Athridates. If thy fury  
Attempt his infant life, may every God

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Pour on thy head devoted—Gracious heaven!  
What means my rage? I cannot curse a father.

ATHR. Artaxias, guard secure Pharnaces' son:  
Conduct him to the citadel: thy life  
(Observe me well) shall answer for the trust.

THAM. Wilt thou not spare him! O, for him,  
for him!

ATHR. Thy agitated soul demands repose.  
And my compassion grants it. To the palace  
Turn from this scene of horrors. Soon I'll see  
thee

And fix thy fate with his.

THAM. If yet one ray  
Of soft paternal tenderness remains!  
With pity hear me! hear the mighty voice  
Of awful nature! change thy stern decree,  
From wild despair save this distracted bosom,  
And give Eumenes to a mother's tears!

S C E N E XIV.

A T H R I D A T E S.

ATHR. Behold his mein, where mixt with in-  
fant sweetness,  
Dwells the commanding majesty of kings!  
There might be danger. Such a radiant dawn  
Portends a mid-day sun of dazzling lustre.  
But all is well. Now tremble, proud Pharnaces.  
The fates enclose them round; my soul exults,  
And, raptur'd, hails the hour of great revenge.

A C T



## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*THAMYRIS, ARTABANES, *meeting.*

THAMYRIS.

S A W'ST thou Artaxias? does compassion  
touch

My father's soften'd bosom?

ARTAB. Such compassion  
Feels the fell Tiger for his panting prey.

THAM. What mean thy words? I tremble; a  
cold dew  
Hangs on my frame, and chills my vital  
powers.

Does my Eumenes live? If thou hast pity,  
O, tell me whilst I yet have life to hear thee.

ARTAB. I saw him smile, unconscious of  
his fate;  
But soon in Roman chains, with you deli-  
ver'd

To stern Domitius' power—

THAM. First shall this dagger—  
I was prepar'd for death, but not for shame.  
Let the devouring faulchion drink our blood,  
Let tortures agonize, let flames consume,  
Let death approach in all his terrors drest,

And

And I will meet his presence unappall'd ;  
 Will give my child, my soul's far dearest  
 part,  
 Without a groan to his abhorr'd embrace ;  
 But save us, heaven, from the vile chains of  
 Rome !

ARTAB. To bondage, to the car of haughty  
 Cæsar,

To shame, to death, your cruel father dooms  
 The daughter once belov'd, the infant heir  
 Of mighty Mithridates : yon proud Roman  
 (Unless the gods assist our monarch's sword,  
 And drive these fell invaders from our walls)  
 This night receives, and sends you to the Se-  
 nate.

THAM. My lord ! my lov'd Pharnaces !  
 I have indeed betray'd thee ; broke those  
 vows,  
 Which, dreadful as they were, my lips pro-  
 nounc'd.

Before th' attesting gods.—A moment's pause—  
 Fond hope will yet intrude : it cannot be :  
 He will not give a daughter once belov'd,  
 To glut the pride of Rome. Where hast thou  
 heard

This tale of horror ?

ARTAB. From the good Artaxias,  
 Whose tears with mine were mingled as he spoke,  
 I learnt his cruel purpose.

THAM. Lead me to him,—  
 To Athridates, Cappadocia's tyrant,  
 This scepter'd murderer, this crown'd assassin,  
 This scourge of trembling infancy, this—father.

ARTAB. My queen ! my royal mistress !—

THAM. Forgive, ye awful powers, who know  
 my wrongs,

These

These ravings of a soul to madness urg'd.  
 No—not to save my child, did I behold  
 The fatal steel aim'd at his infant bosom,  
 Should parricide pollute these guiltless hands.  
 Great nature's voice arrests my dagger's point;  
 Spite of his crimes, he is my father still.

ARTAB. Let me adjure you, by the sacred  
 life

Of your Pharnaces; by your helpless child,  
 The beauteous pledge of your ill-fated loves;  
 Yourself; your faithful people; to restrain  
 These wild impetuous fallies of your soul,  
 Nor draw destruction on yourself, on all.

THAM. I will command the feelings of my  
 heart;  
 Will meet him with the uncomplaining eye,  
 The silent tear of suffering resignation.

ARTAB. My gracious queen! fierce Athri-  
 dates comes.

THAM. Retire, and leave us free.

## SCENE II.

### THAMYRIS.

I wou'd be calm,  
 Would soothe to peace this whirlwind of the  
 passions,  
 And wear dissimulation's treacherous smile;  
 But my full soul, to holy truth inur'd,  
 Disdains the base disguise.

## SCENE



## SCENE III.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, *a Soldier.*

ATHR. Bear these dispatches to the Roman camp:

*(to the Soldier.*

This night we join their bands. I fought thee, Thamyris.

*[Exit Soldier.*

THAM. Com'st thou to mock my sorrows! to enjoy

A mother's agonies? Yes, plunge thy sword  
In the meek breast of smiling innocence;  
The deed will crown the horrors of this day.

ATHR. My word is past: Domitius claims his captives:

Thou and thy son are doom'd to grace the car,  
And swell the triumph of all conquering Cæsar.

THAM. 'Tis well, 'tis well.—Great Athridates' daughter,

Her son, the last of his imperial race,  
In chains shall follow Cæsar: not o'er Pontus,  
O'er Cappadocia shall the Romans triumph.

ATHR. Too deep already has my bosom felt  
The pang that thought awakens: touch'd with pity

I came to save thee (but thy headlong passion  
Has blasted my fond purpose); to restore  
This darling of thy soul, thy lov'd Eumenes,  
To give him life and empire.

THAM. Wilt thou save him?

Thus low I bend before th' immortal gods,  
To beg a blessing on thee.

ATH.

ATHR. O'er the king  
The father has prevail'd; I bring thee peace;  
Again the diadem shall bind thy brow,  
And thy Eumenes reign.

THAM. Transporting sounds!  
I have again a father: canst thou pardon  
The wildness of my rage? 'Twas fear alone;  
My terrors for Eumenes. Let me kiss  
That sacred hand, and with my tears atone  
For every past offence.

ATHR. I pardon thee,  
And take thee to my heart. I must remember  
Those hours when, dearer than the light of heaven,  
Thou wert my soul's best comfort.

THAM. 'Tis too much,  
This sudden torrent of impetuous transport—  
My lord!—my king!—my father!

ATHR. Still my daughter,  
All-powerful nature pleads thy cause—one struggle,  
One sacrifice, and all is well.—Pharnaces!

THAM. He too shall thank thee for a child preserv'd,  
For peace, recover'd empire. In the fane  
Of holy Themis, heaven shall join your hands,  
And Thamyras be blest beyond the state  
Of frail mortality.

ATHR. Attentive hear.—  
This is the crisis of thy fate; the moment  
Which to thy hand a double sceptre gives,  
Or sinks thee to a slave.

THAM. What means my father?

ATHR. Thus far I have prevail'd; consent  
to break  
The impious ties which bind thee to Pharnaces,  
To

To give him up to my revenge, and Pontus  
To-morrow yielded to thy guardian care,  
Shall own Eumenes' sway; and when the gods  
Shall call me to themselves, the fruitful fields  
Of Cappadocia shall behold thee seated  
On Athridates' throne.

THAM. 'Tis past—farewell.—

ATHR. Return, and hear me; or this pointed  
steel

Shall leave thee childless.

THAM. My fond heart had hop'd,—  
But our unhappy sex is born to suffer.

ATHR. My mercy scorn'd? On thy devoted  
head

The massy ruin falls.

THAM. Is this thy mercy?

Thy boasted tenderness? Connubial Juno!  
In whose bright fane my nuptial vows were seal'd,  
Hear, and record! If e'er my faithless heart,  
To honour lost, break with unhallow'd lightness  
The sacred ties by all mankind rever'd,  
The holy bonds of Hymen, may I perish  
Unpitied, unreveng'd, the scorn of all  
Whose bosoms burn with virtue's glorious flame!

ATHR. Thy son shall die.

THAM. Then we will die together.

ATHR. For the fond idol of thy woman's  
heart

Who reign'd this morn o'er Pontus, thy Phar-  
naces,

Expect no aid from him; the Roman eagle  
Expands his wing, and hovers dreadful o'er him,  
Resistless to descend.

THAM. The righteous powers,  
Who love the just, will guard him.

SCENE



## SCENE IV.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTABANES,  
ORCHANES.

ORCH. Royal Sir,  
A Roman tribune, by Domitius sent,  
Demands your private ear.

ATHR. Now hear, and tremble!  
That tribune is thy fate? the hour is past;  
The hour my weakness gave. Hence dove-like  
pity!

Let vengeance steel my soul!—Yet once again—

[Going—Returns.

Fond woman, hear a father; once again—  
The voice of nature pleads. Thy darling son—  
The flaming altar is already drest,  
And thirsts to drink his blood. Thy guards  
withdrawn,

I leave thee free: till night's pale queen ascends  
With trembling ray, yon mountain's lofty sum-  
mit,

My pity gives thee: when, by fierce Bellona,  
Comana's guardian goddess, here I swear,  
As thou decid'st, he dies, or reigns in Pontus.

## SCENE V.

THAMYRIS, ARTABANES.

THAM. Ye powers of heaven! where sleeps  
your awful thunder?  
My child is doom'd!

C

ARTAB.

ARTAB. Be patient, gracious princess.

THAM. Am I not patient? Patient as the victim

That pants beneath the knife of sacrifice?  
Have they not, unresisted, torn him from me,  
From a fond mother's arms?—Hark! Heard'st  
thou not

That found confus'd!—No,—'Twas th' ideal  
voice

Of pensive fancy, sick with anxious care.

ARTAB. The found was real: from the king's  
apartment,

Some one approaches—Is it possible?

O extacy! beyond the soaring reach  
Of bright-ey'd hope, or fancy's fond creation!  
Behold! our monarch comes—

THAM. It is Pharnaces!

And sorrow from this heart is chac'd for ever.

## S C E N E VI.

THAMYRIS, PHARNACES,  
ARTABANES.

PHAR. And dost thou live?

THAM. And art thou here to ask?

What god has led thee safe?

PHAR The god who rules

The battle's rage, has fav'd and sent me to thee.

THAM. Forgive my woman's terrors; hast  
thou conquer'd?

Where are thy troops? Should cruel Athri-  
dates!—

Alas! my lord! in this defenceless palace,  
The palace of thy fathers, he commands;

Though

Though now withdrawn, his guards may soon  
return:

Here safety dwells not.

PHAR. The degenerate sons  
Of Rome avoid the fight. I found my troops.  
By numbers aw'd, retiring: at my fight,  
As with new souls inform'd, they rush'd to bat-  
tle,

Like the big torrent bursting every mound.  
The legions stop'd; Domitius led them back,  
Inglorious: in the field my faithful warriors,  
All high of soul, and eager to engage,  
Now wait my wish'd return.

THAM. How did'st thou pass  
Sinope's gates?

PHAR. Along the verdant grove  
Of great Apollo, by a path unknown,  
Sacred to mighty Mithridates' race,  
Which to the palace leads, I came secure,  
To save thee from thyself.

THAM. Great god of day!  
For this, before thy consecrated shrine,  
Shall my full heart pour forth the grateful vow.

PHAR. Anxious for thee, and trembling for  
thy fate,

I flew to abrogate the dreadful oath  
My fears this morn impos'd, to bid thee live,  
And trust in heaven. A gleam of smiling hope  
Breaks thro the cloud of black adversity,  
As the fair orient ray dispels the shades  
Of sable night. My brother of the war,  
Cyaxares, Armenia's youthful monarch,  
Weary of Roman tyranny, advances,  
To aid my cause; and when the setting sun  
Dips his last beams in ocean, joins my arms.



THAM. Then heaven is just!—The powers  
celestial aid thee!

PHAR. Fir'd by returning hope, my hardy ve-  
terans,

With fair Armenia's yet unconquer'd sons,  
Will storm the Roman camp ; thou, Artabanes,  
Prepare my faithful people for the hour  
Of conquest and revenge : let part in arms,  
Ere midnight o'er the world her mantle throws,  
By valiant Gordias led, expect my coming.  
The queen with me departs : Eumenes too,  
Whilst fair occasion smiles : conduct him hither :  
He too must leave Sinope—Ha ! in tears ?—  
Hast thou too well obey'd me ! Has thy dagger !—  
My fatal gift !—

THAM. He lives.

PHAR. He lives !—no more !

Daughter of Athridates ! O beware !  
Wake not the sleeping adder in my bosom !  
Dear as I love thee, should thy womans's fears—

THAM. What means thy fury ?

PHAR. Say ;—where is Eumenes ?

Perhaps in yonder camp—doft thou inherit  
A father's baseness ? has thy coward-heart  
To Rome resign'd him ? Giv'n him up to bon-  
dage ?

To breathe a few short hours this ambient air,  
The fetter'd child of shame ?

THAM. Unkind and cruel !

The iron hand of tyrant power has torn him  
From these defenceless arms, like me a captive,  
He looks to heaven, and to his father's sword,  
For life and freedom.

PHAR. My prophetic fears !

A captive ! wherefore did my fondness trust  
Thy woman's heart ? The hero's glow of soul,  
The

The generous thought, firm virtue's stubborn purpose,

Thy feeble bosom feels not.

THAM. Learn to know

This heart, which beats as proudly as thy own,

At honour's god-like voice. Thou bad'st me hope;

Should that fond hope forsake me, should'st thou fall,

Which every god avert! This heart resolv'd,

This faithful steel, a mother's ardent love,

Fearless as thine, shall pierce the tyrant's guards,

And free Eumenes.

PHAR. I have wrong'd thee much,

Soul of my life! have wrong'd thy faith, thy virtue.

Canst thou forgive my rage? A parents pangs,

The pangs of bleeding honour, rend my heart,

And fire my brain to madness.—But no more—

To yonder warring field, a nation's safety,

The voice of glory, calls me.

[Going.

THAM. Yet Pharnaces,

Yet one request. If, in the battle's fury,

Thou meet'st my father, turn thy sword aside,

And seek another victim.

PHAR. Stop those tears,

Which, like the dew-drops on the lily's bell,

Weigh down thy drooping beauties. Does the tyrant

Deserve this waste of goodness?

ARTAB. Haste, my lord!

Stern Athridates comes!—a moment more

And Pontus falls.

THAM.

THAM. O save thyself, Pharnaces!  
Haste to the camp, and leave us to the gods.

PHAR. I go: but, in a few revolving  
hours,  
Expect me here, to save, or perish with you.

A C T



## A C T V.

## S C E N E I.

*On the left Hand, the Camp of Pharnaces in Prospect at the Entrance of a Grove; the Time near Midnight; the Moon risen; the Tents with Lights dispers'd amongst the Trees, the Royal Tent in the Front of the others: on the right Hand a Road over a Mountain, from whence Pharnaces descends with his Army.—Grand March.*

PHARNACES, TIGRANES, and Soldiers.

## TIGRANES.

**M**Y gracious lord, may every hour, like this,  
 Bear conquest on its wing! o'er yonder hills  
 The Romans fly;—those tyrants of mankind,  
 Whose rage destructive lights the flaming brand  
 And scatters terror thro' the mild abodes,  
 Where concord wont to dwell.

PHAR. My gallant friend,  
 Armenia's monarch, brave Cyaxares,  
 Pursues the drooping eagles. Yet, Tigranes,  
 'Till fair Sinope's walls receive their lord;  
 'Till, free once more, amid their flow'ry vales  
 My subjects sheathe the sword, and taste the  
 meed

Of

Of well-fought fields in the soft arms of peace,  
 'Till my lov'd queen, my son, in my embrace,  
 Forget the danger past, I have not conquer'd:  
 My toils are but begun—stern Athridates  
 E'en in my palace reigns.

TIGR.        Shall the fell tyrant,  
 Who mocks the plighted vow, still brave un-  
                   heeded

The thunder of the gods?—What dire offence  
 Shall draw the vengeful bolt, if deeds like his  
 Insult th' immortal powers?

PHAR.        The gods, Tigranes,  
 Assist the brave; their power omnipotent  
 Is present with us—when they gracious give  
 A heart resolv'd to dare, an arm to strike.

TIGR. (*looking out*) Behold, my lord, along  
                   the sacred grove  
 A light resplendent as the noon-tide ray  
 Shoots like a meteor to the western gate!  
 And now dissolves in air.

PHAR.        I hail the omen,  
 And feel, confess'd, the energy divine:  
 The gods themselves conduct me, nerve my arm,  
 Inspire my purpose, point my destin'd way,  
 And in my bosom fan the flame of hope.  
 Begin the march, and filing near the grove  
 Approach Sinope. Beauteous queen of night!  
 Chaste goddess of the groves! let thy fair beam  
 My path irradiate, and direct my steps,  
 'Till to their native walls, I lead triumphant  
 My faithful warriors,—let inspiring sounds  
 The soldier's bosom cheer,—lead on, Tigranes.

[*A grand march.*]

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

ATHRIDATES, ORCHANES.

ATHR. Are my commands obey'd?

ORCH. My royal lord!

The reinforcement to Domitius sent  
Has reach'd his camp. Within the citadel,  
Beneath Artaxias' care, I plac'd the queen;  
The guards are doubled.

ATHR. Her imperious spirit  
Perhaps resisted!

ORCH. When I led my files  
To her apartment, with a haughty air,  
She wav'd her hand, to warn them from her  
presence;

But when I told her by your dread command  
They came, obedient, to conduct her thence;  
She paus'd a moment—then majestic rose  
And cry'd, "Obey your king."

ATHR. Say, didst thou mark  
The meeting with her son?

ORCH. The tender scene  
Unmann'd my soldier's heart; she spoke not,  
wept not;

A deadly pale o'erspread her fading cheek;

Her



Her panting bosom heav'd; beat quick and short:

She snatch'd him to her breast, gaz'd wildly on him,

Breath'd a convulsive sigh, then, void of sense,  
Sunk motionless to earth.

ATHR. Behold Artaxias!

### SCENE III.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, ORCHANES.

ATHR. What means?—Say wherefore?

ARTAX. Royal Athridates!  
Blame not your faithful servant; but the queen—

ATHR. What of the queen? Why hast thou  
left!—beware,

Thy life shall answer—

ARTAX. By an armed band  
Forc'd from the citadel—

ATHR. Thou hast not sure,  
Confederate with her—

ARTAX. In your royal daughter  
Our warriors saw their princess, and rever'd  
The blood of Cappadocia's honor'd king's.  
With all th' impassion'd eloquence of nature,  
The strong emotion of a mother's love,  
She spoke her griefs; they heard with mute at-  
tention,

And stood like statues, whilst with sudden step  
She gain'd the portal; her maternal hand  
Her infant son conducted. Teramenes,  
The leader of her guards, by you entrusted,  
Gain'd by her tears, and faithless to his charge,  
The

The massy gates unbarr'd. The moment seizing,  
With force to ours superior, Artabanes,  
Who waited near, rush'd in, and bore them off  
Towards Themis's temple.

ATHR. Let us swift pursue.  
Orchanes thou art faithful; by each god  
Potent in war I swear, their blood shall flow  
On fierce Bellona's altar, till the manes  
Of my lov'd son shall cease to call for vengeance.  
A chosen band attend me to the temple.

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*The Portico of the Temple of Themis, the Gates open ;  
at a little distance within, an Altar ; Thamyris and  
Eumenes kneeling before it, with Branches of Olive  
in their Hands.*

THAMYRIS, EUMENES, ORONTES,

*two other Priests attending.*

ORONTES comes down the Stage.

What daughter of affliction, at this hour  
Of solemn midnight, with dejected mein,  
With suppliant wreaths, and hands to heav'n  
uprais'd,

Seeks the protection of all-righteous Themis ?

THAM. Thy queen.

ORON. Immortal powers ! Do I behold  
My sovereign here, a suppliant in the fane,  
Her piety to heaven first taught to rise !  
And seeking that protection, which so late  
Among the sceptred rulers of the earth  
'Twas hers to grant.

THAM. O, by this holy fane,  
This altar, where my soul submissive bends,  
And by the sacred majesty of heaven,  
I here adjure thee, from the savage grasp  
Of merciless oppression save my child !

ORON.



ORON. Thy virtues to the gods have made thee dear.

Speak thy request and find a full compliance.

THAM. Blame not these tears, they flow not for myself;

I have a nearer care, which rends my soul,  
And gives distress its poignancy; O save  
This helpless, uncomplaining innocence  
From ill he knows not!

ORON. Thou illustrious mourner!  
Chace every anxious fear, and with thy son  
Safe at the altar rest.

THAM. Thou wilt forgive  
A trembling mother's weakness!—not, O  
rontes,

Not that my doubting heart—I know not  
what

My woman's fears would say—But wilt thou  
lead him?

Wilt thou within the temple's last recess  
Hide him from treason? murder? Athridates?

ORON. Injurious to the gracious gods, O  
queen,

Thy causeless terrors rise; from this retreat,  
These hallow'd walls, oppression, aw'd recoils,  
Nor dares prophane th' asylum of the wretched.  
Yet heav'n allows thy prayer; the faults which  
spring

From nature's fond excess, the powers divine  
With mild indulgence view. Thyself conduct,  
And place him by the goddess' awful statue.  
Arsames, wait the queen.

THAM. Thus let me thank thee;

A few short moments must decide our fate:

My lord, if spar'd by the wild rage of war,

Approaches

Approaches swift to save. If he is fallen,  
 This child is Pontus' last remaining hope :  
 O! guard the precious pledge! my life is no-  
 thing.

ORON. What hasty steps !

*(advances to the front of the portico.)*

The hostile bands draw near :  
 Fierce Athridates comes. Retire, O queen !  
 With calm submission wait the will divine.

THAM. May pitying heaven to this devoted  
 breast  
 Direct his erring sword, and save Eumenes !

## SCENE V.

ATHRIDATES, ORONTES, ORCHANES.

ATHR. Thou blind to fate, who fearless of  
 my wrath,  
 Hast dar'd protect my victims! hence nor brave  
 An injur'd monarch's fury; this right arm,  
 Unless thou giv'st them instant to my sword,  
 (Unaw'd by superstition's gloomy terrors)  
 Shall seize, and drag them to the death which  
 waits them.

ORON. Stop, Athridates, nor with impious  
 step  
 Prophane this holy place.—I know thy rights,  
 The reverence due to thrones; nor thou forget  
 The power which plac'd the sceptre in thy hand,  
 And can resume the gift. Unaided, weak,

No

No conquering bands protect us; but the gods  
 War on our side; th' imperial Lord of Heaven  
 Is our support, this temple our defence;  
 And if thy rage with lawless force invades  
 This sacred fane, the blest abode of peace,  
 'Tis o'er my bleeding corse thou must approach  
 The violated altars.

ATHR. Dost thou think  
 With shadowy fears to shake a soul resolv'd?  
 Can thy enervate arm, thy feeble altars,  
 Save from their fate the captives of my sword?  
 Retire, nor bar my way, or see, involv'd  
 In rising flames, and trembling to its base,  
 Thy boasted temple fall.

ORON. Away, blasphemer!—  
 But heaven, indignant, wills thee to compleat  
 The sum of thy offences. With compassion,  
 Elate I see thee, vain of transient power,  
 Nor once revolving the uncertain state  
 Of wretched man, by flattering hope betray'd.  
 This hour is thine, the next is hid in clouds.

ATHR. This hour shall then revenge me;  
 swift advance,  
 And aid your master's justice.

## SCENE VI.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, ORONTES,

ARTAX. Royal sir,  
 Lose not a moment—on a slender thread  
 Your



Your very being hangs. The troops of Pontus  
(Pharnaces at their head) are in the city:  
I saw them from the citadel descending,  
And flew to save your sacred life.

ATHR. Confusion!

By heaven 'tis false—the phantom of thy fear!

ARTAX. Believe your faithful servant. Artabanes

Conducts the king this way; o'er all the city  
Tumultuous shouts of transport rend the air;  
The maddening people arm; and even your  
troops,

The Cappadocians, murmur, and arraign  
Your purpos'd vengeance.

ATHR. Summon to our aid  
The Roman veterans.

ARTAX. From th' exulting victors  
This more I learn'd—the Roman legions, van-  
quish'd,

Already pass the mountains.

ATHR. Curses blast them!  
Wither their coward nerves, and give them up  
To galling chains; a prey ev'n to Pharnaces!

[*Clashing of swords—A shout.*]

ARTAX. He comes; and now too late——

PHAR. (*behind*) Away, Tigranes,  
First stop the foaming torrent in its course.  
Where is this tyrant who defies the gods?  
This monarch fam'd for violated vows?  
This father, thirsting for his children's blood?

SCENE

## S C E N E VII.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, PHARNACES,  
ARTABANES, TIGRANES, *and Soldiers.*

ATHR. Behold him here, and tremble at his  
vengeance!

PHAR. The righteous gods have given him  
to my sword.

Die, monster, die! and let thy thirst of blood  
In thy own blood be fated.

## S C E N E VIII.

THAMYRIS, PHARNACES, ATHRIDATES,  
ARTABANES, TIGRANES, ORCHANES,  
*and Soldiers.*

## T H A M Y R I S.

(*Rushing from the Temple, and catching Athridates in  
her arms.*)

Stop, inhuman!

Or through this bosom——

ATHR. Hence; thy woman's weakness  
Blasts my unfulled fame.

PHAR. Would'st thou defend him?—  
This tyrant!——

THAM.

THAM. Is my father——

PHAR. He seeks thy life——

THAM. He gave it.—If thy wrongs  
Demand a victim, strike——strike here, Pharnaces;

But spare his sacred life——

PHAR. Thou hast prevailed:  
Thy virtue has disarm'd, and given me back  
To honour's better purpose. To the brave  
A conquer'd foe is sacred. Athridates,  
Receive thy life, thy kingdom.

ATHR. I disdain  
A life thy gift; my firm unconquer'd soul  
Rejects thy offer'd mercy. Athridates  
Will, still a monarch, join his ancestors:  
This blow, and all is well. (*Stabs himself.*)

THAM. O fatal rashness!——

PHAR. Why, Athridates, hast thou robb'd  
my heart

Of that best joy, the transport of forgiving?

ATHR. Too far, Pharnaces, has my rage  
pursued——

Too deep has vengeance drain'd the cup of  
death——

Come near, my daughter: take my last embrace.  
Canst thou forgive thy wrongs? The mist of  
passion

Fades from my dying eyes, and sets thy goodness,  
Thy filial piety, in dread array——

Ye Cappadocian warriors, see your queen!

Thy arm, Artaxias—instant lead me hence——

I would not with my last expiring groans

Prophane this holy temple.

THAM. Powers of mercy!

Yet spare his days!

ATHR. And dost thou weep for me?  
Whose



Whose unrelenting hand——my breath grows  
short——

I can no more——I faint——a sudden dark-  
ness——

I die——my child——farewell——farewell for  
ever!

*(Falls into the arms of Orchanes and Artaxias.)*

THAM. My breaking heart——a moment  
more——my father!

He dies——'tis past!——

*(Artaxias and Orchanes bear off the body of  
Athridates.)*

## SCENE IX.

THAMYRIS, PHARNACES,

PHAR. There fled th' indignant spirit :  
A sad example of the ills which flow  
From fell revenge, and fury unrestrain'd.  
Turn from that sight of woe, and let thy heart  
[to Thamyris.]

With other feelings, with a mother's transport  
Expand, and glow with gratitude to heaven  
For thy Eumene's life,

*(Whilst Pharnaces is speaking, Orontes leads Eu-  
menes down the stage, and presents him to  
Pharnaces and Thamyris.)*

SCENE

## SCENE X.

THAMYRIS, PHARNACES, EUMENES,  
ORONTES,

THAM. My child!—my child!

PHAR. My boy!—my kingdom's hope!—

Do I once more,

With all a parent's heartfelt tenderness,  
A parent's joy, behold thee? To the power  
Whose hand has sav'd us, let the victim bleed,  
The pure libation flow, the fragrant incense  
In spiry clouds ascend!

THAM. Alas, my lord!

E'en 'midst the soft delight that fills my soul  
For thine, and my Eumenes' dangers past,  
My father's fate rends my divided heart,  
Checks the fond rapture, prompts the plaintive  
sigh,

And calls, unbid the tender filial tear.

ORON. That tear, O queen! is graceful:  
but remember

Thy son, thy husband, subjects, bid thee chace  
These unavailing sorrows; and with heart  
Resign'd and humble, bow to awful heaven  
For safety, life, and empire.

PHAR. Power Supreme!  
Great universal Lord! from this fair hour  
Let Cappadocia's sons, with Pontus' join'd,  
Beneath a milder sway forget their toils!

Though

Though long divided by the arms of Rome,  
Whose wild ambition set the world in arms,  
The kindred nations in each other's blood  
Their frantic swords imbrued, then inspire  
The gentler purpose ! And, as they inspire  
Of sacred peace, a firm, united band,  
Be it their glory to obey the laws -  
Fram'd for the general good ; and ours to find  
The wreath of conquest in our people's love.

THE END.



# EPILOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND,

And spoken by Mrs. YATES.

**I**N all this bustle, rage, and tragic roar,  
Which some wits here politely call a bore,  
Have I not wept, and rav'd, and tore my hair,  
Till some I forc'd to weep, and some to stare?  
Yet now I must, by custom, to divert you,  
Tell what I think of this heroic virtue.  
Mirth has increas'd, when tragedies are finish'd,  
Increases still, and must not be diminish'd.  
Alive your passion tho' our play may keep,  
Behind the curtain you must have a peep.  
Tho' bright the tragic character appear,  
Our private foibles you delight to hear.  
In life's great drama the same rule we find:  
When on that stage the patron of mankind  
Performers of his part—the public virtues strike,  
But 'tis the secret anecdote we like.  
If there a Patriot rave with furious might,  
And love his country—out of downright spite;  
It passes for a copy of his face;  
Has he not been at Court to beg a Place?  
When some bright Orator his country's cause  
Sustains, and talks of Liberty and Laws,

Hear,



Hear, hear, all cry ; in attitude he stands,  
Sprawling his feet, and stretching forth his hands :

" In this petition, Sir—the nation begs

" And, Mr. Speaker—while I'm up, I beg

" And, Sir—our ancestors—and whig and Tory

" And, Sir—the laws ;—and, Sir—Great Britain's  
glory !"

All gaze ; all wonder ; such amazing powers !

But how does he employ his private hours ?

The nation sav'd, he hurries in a trice,

To shake the box, and be undone at dice.

Some Politicians figure in debate,

Then sleep—to shew the quiet of the State.

Your Hollanders, when treachery is ripe,

Break every treaty, and then—Smoke their pipe.

If by remonstrances you try to mend them,

Mynheer smokes on—" 'tis all ad referendum."

We storm upon the stage th' impassion'd breast,

Then come, and turn all sympathy to jest.

And yet, shall slippant mirth, and giddy joy,

The best impressions of the heart destroy ?

'Tis yours, ye fair, to quell our Author's fear ;

A Female Poet draws the tender tear.

True to her sex, she copies from the life

The Mother, Daughter, and the faithful Wife.

Let her this night your kind protection gain,

The Critic then will parody in vain.

And let fair Virtue, ere she quit the age,

Here pause awhile—and linger on the stage.